Sparkle gunplay

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Sparkle gunplay

by AllAborde (Bordementions)

Summary

Sparkle gunplay and smut

Notes

Holy fucking schmoly this thing has been in the drafts for like 5 months I just did NOT feel like editing it, I'm gonna drop it in much smaller chunks but its roughly like 9k total

Lots of tags to be added but its gonna be explicit + rape/non con so beware

Dedicated to a certain someone

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

The muted concrete colors felt uneven beneath your shoes, each reeling step a minor victory against the bright, swirling haze that was localized entirely within your head. How many neon-colored concoctions had you downed back at that dusty cantina?

Clearly enough that the garish lights of the spaceport strip smeared together like dripping paint, a kaleidoscope bleeding into the perpetual twilight of whatever planet you were on.

Beside you though, a familiar shoulder bumped yours occasionally… Yeah that's right, they had been the one who dragged you out for "one quick drink" that somehow spiraled into where you are currently stumbling around right now.

Funnily enough you couldn't remember their name though. Something like… uh… yeah you have no idea.

You giggled sloppily as you took in a fresh breath of that night air, remembering some stupid joke from earlier that you shared between overflowing mugs. Good times. Mostly. The edges were fuzzy and you were most definitely gonna feel it in the morning, but at least you knew it was time to hang up the towel and head back to the express.

You caught on something slightly, your ankle twisting enough to cause you to lean down heavily against your companion for support. They caught you pretty easily, surprisingly coordinated for someone who was drunk but you weren't complaining.

Problem was though, the voice that followed was really, really strange. It wasn't same chuckle, but a higher, brighter tinkle, like tiny bells chiming. "Whoopsie!" the voice chirped, far too cheerful, not the one you had been hearing all night. Not by a mile.

Your brow furrowed, the drunken fog parting just enough for a sliver of confused clarity. You blinked, trying to bring their face into focus. The streetlights flickering overhead weren't helping at all, the dancing shadows slightly obscuring their face.

It wasn't just the voice of the person beside you. The figure was way shorter, thinner too, almost to the point of concern. Resting atop their head, cocked at a jaunty angle, sat a stark white-and-red kitsune mask, its painted eyes seeming to curve into a sly smile in the gloom.

Dark hair, tied high in twin tails tipped with a shade of pink, bounced with the bubbly, excitable movement. Fluorescent pink eyes, pupils adorned with tiny, shimmering butterflies, met yours with unnerving directness and an ocean of amusement.

"You… you aren't who I was with…" The words slurred out, but you were definitely coherent enough to get your point across. You were with someone else. The person staring back at you right now was someone you had never seen before.

The girl beamed at you, clapping her hands together softly, the bell on her black neck piece giving a merry little jingle. "Ding ding ding! Give the lady a prize!" she sang, her voice clearly bursting with playful mockery. The short, sleeveless red kimono she wore shifted, revealing a glimpse of a cherry blossom tattoo near her collarbone. "Took you long enough, sleepyhead! Honestly, keeping up the charade was starting to get boring."

Your head swam violently. This wasn't possible. You tried to pull your arm away, to plant your feet on the tilting ground to take a step back. "No… where's…? What did you…?" The protest died in your throat as you swayed, the world refusing to stay still. This was wrong. All wrong. You needed to get away, back to the safety of the Express, away from those… eyes. You tugged again, harder this time, trying to wrench free from her grip. "L-let go…"

"Aw, c'mon now. You're overreacting!" Sparkle tilted her head, her pigtails swaying. Her smile didn't falter, but her grip tightened, surprisingly firm for someone so petite. "I haven't even done anything wrong." Her free hand dipped into the folds of her kimono, digging down for a second before dramatically fishing out an item.

There, nestled in her palm, was a revolver.

It was small, almost toylike, gleaming under the streetlights. The frame was a glossy white, the barrel and cylinder a stark, contrasting spiral of red, like her mask. It looked like something ripped from a child's playset, utterly incongruous with the reality of the clear sheen.

She didn't point it directly at you. Instead, she brought it up slowly, playfully tapping the cool, smooth barrel against your cheek. The metal was a startling counterpoint to the drunken warmth flushing your skin. Her eyes just looked at you, devoid of any genuine malice, which was somehow even more terrifying. To her it seemed… funny.

"Now, now," she tutted, her voice a slight murmur, still laced with that

infuriating cheerfulness. "There’s really no need to be difficult, y'know. We were having such a lovely time before this weren't we? Don't spoil the mood." She winked, it was nothing short of predatory despite the playful facade. "Let's just keep walking. Play along. It's more fun that way, promise."

The drunken haze skimmed away slightly, replaced by a cold knot of fear that was clear as day. Your breath hitched. This wasn't a prank. Despite her casual demeanor, you’ve seen them before, that gun was real. Her eyes, though smiling, held an unnerving emptiness, a chilling void where normal reactions should be. She was enjoying this — your fear, your confusion, your helplessness. It was all just a game to her, a performance piece.

Despite what you really wanted to do, you slowly let your resistance drain out of you. The alcohol, the shock, the weapon. You weren’t in any state to pick a fight with someone like her, not now at least. Wordlessly, you let her start steer you forward again, her arm linked firmly through yours, the little red and white revolver vanishing back into her kimono as smoothly as it had appeared, though its presence lingered in your head

The rest of the walk towards the looming silhouette of the Astral Express was a blur of disconnected sensations. The rhythmic jingle of Sparkle's bells, her soft, tuneless humming beside you, the distant thrum of the spaceport, your own ragged breathing.

Each step felt heavy, reluctant, dragging you towards an unknown destination under the cheerful, armed escort of a madwoman. You could feel her gaze on you, assessing, she was waiting to pull something and all you could really do was stumble along, trapped in the spotlight.

End Notes

https://discord.gg/5tT6czz4BW

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